

And in this madnes, if I hazard thee
And take thy life, I deale but truely.

Arc. Fie Sir.

You play the Childe extreemely: I will love her,
I must, I ought to doe so, and I dare,
And all this justly.

Pal. O that now, that now
Thy false-felfe and thy friend, had but this fortune
To be one howre at liberty, and graspe
Our good Swords in our hands, I would quickly teach thee
What tw'er to filch affection from another:
Thou art baser in it then a Cutpurse;
Put but thy head out of this window more,
And as I have a soule, Ile naile thy life too't.

Arc. I thou dar'st not foole, thou canst not, thou art feeble.
Put my head out? Ile throw my Body out,
And leape the garden, when I see her next.

Enter Keeper.

And pitch between her armes to anger thee.

Pal. No more; the keeper's comming; I shall live
To knocke thy braines out with my Shackles.

Arc. Doe.

Keeper. By your leave Gentlemen:

Pal. Now honest keeper?

Keeper. Lord *Arcite*, you must presently to'th Duke;
The cause I know not yet.

Arc. I am ready keeper.

Keeper. Prince *Palamon*, I must awhile bereave you
Of your faire Consens Company.

Exeunt Arcite, and Keeper.

Pal. And me too,
Even when you please of life; why is he sent for?
It may be he shall marry her, he's goodly,
And like enough the Duke hath taken notice
Both of his blood and body: But his falsehood,
Why should a friend be treacherous? If that
Get him a wife so noble, and so faire;
Let honest men ne're love againe. Once more

I would but see this faire One: Blesse
And fruite, and flowers more blesse
As her bright eies shine on ye. woul
For all the fortune of my life hereaf
Yon little Tree, yon blooming Apr
How I would spread, and fling my
In at her window; I would bring her
Fit for the Gods to feed on: youth a
Still as she tasted should be double
And if she be not heavenly I would
So neere the Gods in nature, they sh

And then I am sure she would love
Wher's *Arcite*,

Keeper. Banishd: Prince *Pirithous*
Obtained his liberty; but never mo
Vpon his oth and life must he set fo
Vpon this Kingdome.

Pal. Hees a blessed man,
He shall see Thebes againe, and call
The bold yong men, that when h
Fall on like fire: *Arcite* shall have
If he dare make himselfe a worthy
Yet in the Feild to strike a battle fo
And if he lose her then, he's a cold
How bravely may he beare himself
If he be noble *Arcite*; thousand wa
Were I at liberty, I would doe thi
Of such a vertuous greatnes, that
This blushing virgine should take
And seeke to ravish me.

Keeper. My Lord for you
I have this charge too:

Pal. To discharge my life.

Keep. No, but from this place to
The windowes are too open.

Pal. Devils take 'em
That are so envious to me; pre'the